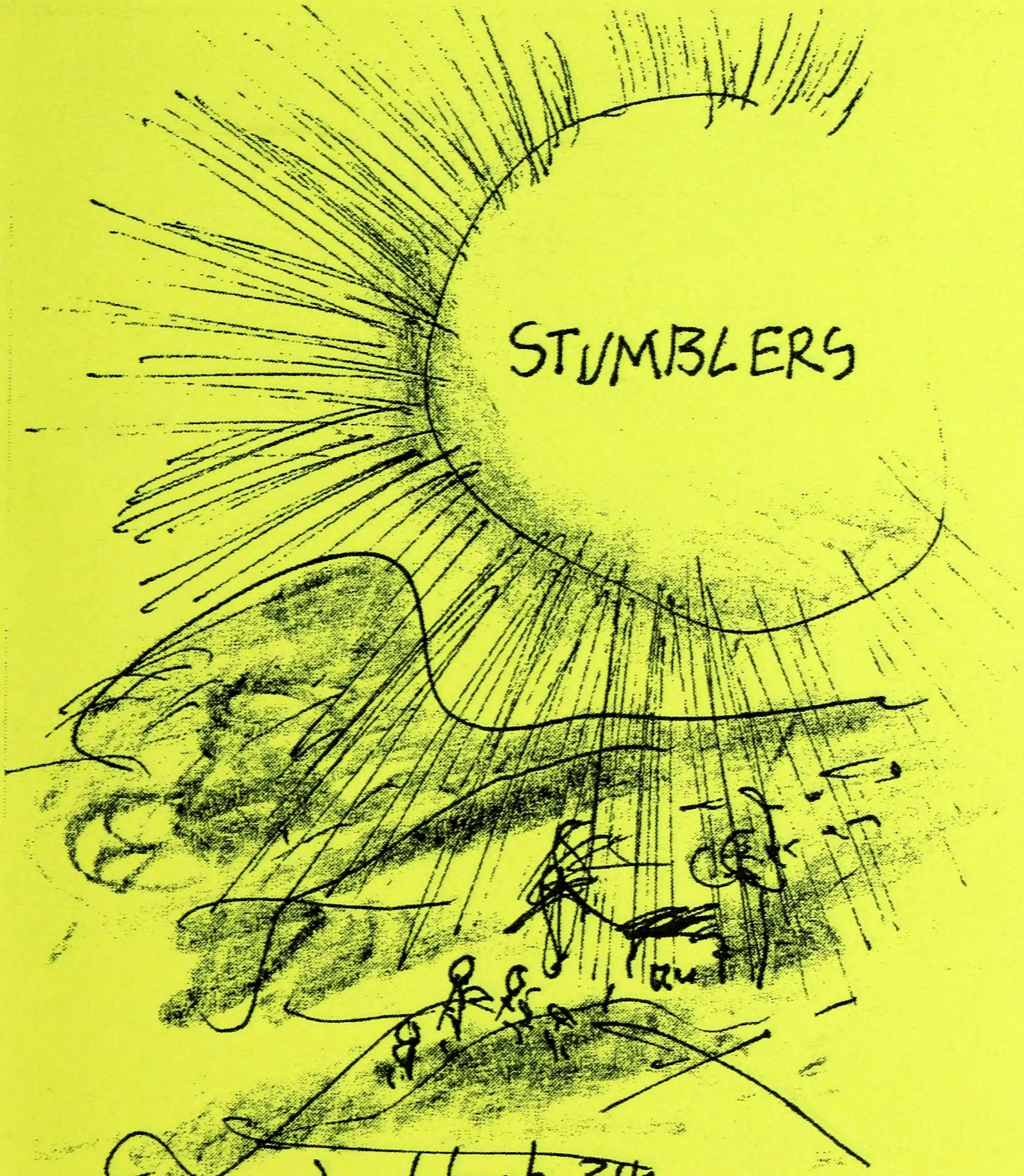

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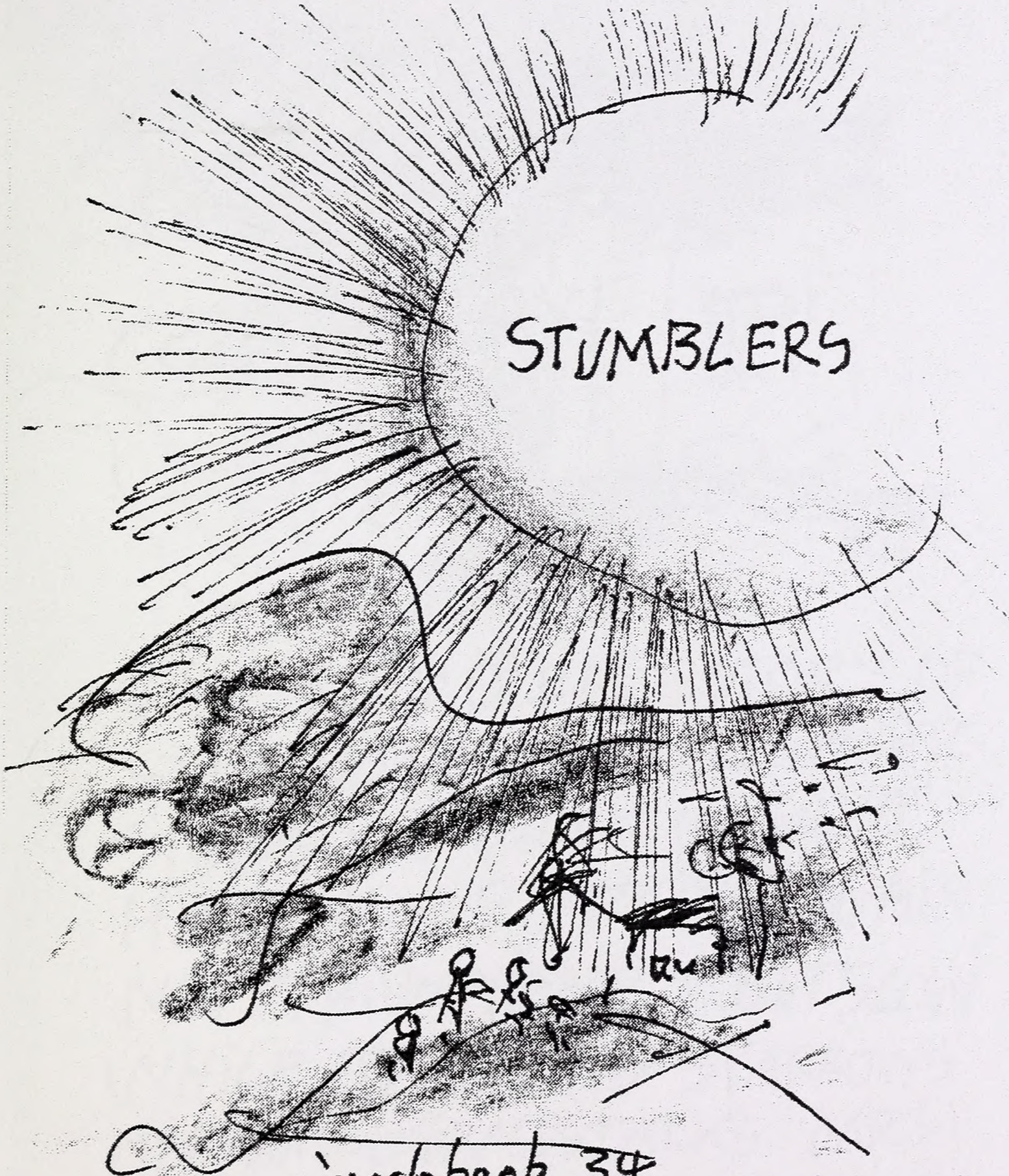

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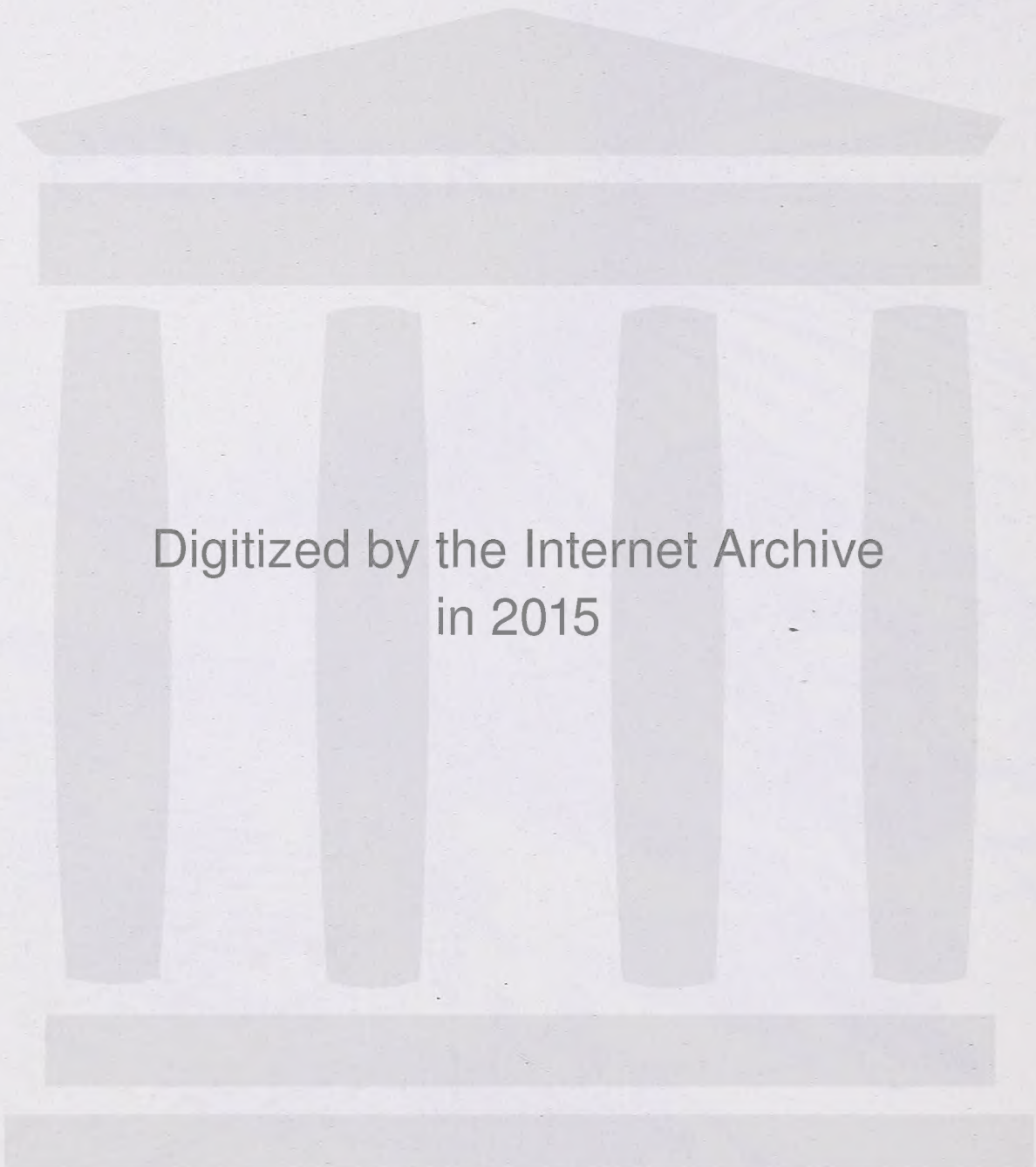
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THE STUMBLER'S STORY OF STUMBLING WITH NO SPECIFIC STUMBLING BLOCK IN SIGHT, HALTING + STARTING AGAIN, NOT TRIUMPHANTLY BUT SLOWLY WHILE OBSERVING SPARROWS ON WITCHGRASSSTALKS. MRS. STUMBLER ISN'T MUCH BETTER

EITHER, STUMBLING ALONG
(ONLY THEIR KIDS KNOW BETTER).
THE SHATTERER OF WORLDS
HAS NOT ARRIVED YET.
THEREFORE: ASSUMED ETERNITY.
SNOW ARRIVING LATE
AFTERNOON EVER SO GENTLY.
THE YOU WHICH CANNOT BE
ADDRESSED. AND THE GREATEST
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RAVISHING
THE BEHOLDER. TOO BIG TO
FIT INTO THE EYES. TOO HOLY
TO BE PRONOUNCED. UNPRE-
DICTABLY WILD + UNTOUCHABLE.
STUMBLING ALONG. THE

STUMBLERS DON'T SEE, BUT
THINK UNSEEABLE SIGHTS
WHICH ENLIGHTEN THE VOID.
THEY TEND TO FLEE FROM
THEMSELVES REGULARLY
IN ORDER TO BECOME HORSES
GALLOPING THROUGH THE
DESERT. THEY TRY TO SPEAK
WORDS TO RESEMBLE THE
SUBSTANCE + MIND OF THE
INTERIOR OR THE EXCESSIVE
ENDLESSNESS OF THE EXTERIOR.
THEY FAIL. THEY FAIL AGAIN.
THEY STUMBLE LIKE PEBBLES
TOSSED AROUND BY THE MELTING

BROOK'S MAGIC. THEY UPREAR + NEIGH LIKE HORSES. THEY STUMBLE BECAUSE OF THE NAMELESS WHICH FITS NO HE OR SHE, NO FAIRYTALE OR MIRACLE, NO HEROIC SONSHIP OR PROPHETSHIP. THEY SUFFER THE STUMBLERS' FATE, GAZING + ATTEMPTING + FAILING AGAIN. AT BEST THEY ARE COLLECTORS OF INSTANCES OF SEEING.
YOU CAN GET DRUNK. BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO. YOU CAN LIGHT A CIGAR + CROSS YOUR LEGS ON A BENCH IN THE SUNSET. AND YOU CANNOT. THE NAMELESS THING IN THE

SPARROW HITS YOU OVER THE HEAD + YOU STUMBLE.

JINGLEBOOKS
ARE FOR OVERLY
& UNDERLY
DEPRESSED CITIZENS
TO BETTER ENJOY
THEIR FREEDOM OF
DEPRESSION

ES/ Pm